

Miller's Blood

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Miller's Blood

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Summary

For several years, Medocorillia's inhabitants have been in the middle of a zombie apocalypse. Among the survivors are Codiriaz and Jack. Codiriaz is a Pure, Jack is a Modified, and who are the Entre-Deux?

- A translation of [Le Sang de Miller](#) by [MiaQc](#)

CH1 - Codiriaz ~ The Modified and I

[Planet Medocorillia.

Year 20XX.]

My brown hair is dirty and messy. My skin, usually tan and healthy, is all scabby and has scars. Only my green eyes are still bright. My clothes have tears and traces of dried blood. I enter the abandoned house and start looking for food in the kitchen. I often strain my ear, listening to the sounds around me. *Some zeds might come.* I thought. *Facing a horde would be the worst of my problems.*

For the past few years, Medocorillia's inhabitants have been in the middle of a zombie apocalypse. The cause is unknown. A terrorist virus? Something in the air or in the water? A mutation? It doesn't matter. If you die, you become a zed. If you get infected by a zombie bite, you become a zed too. I don't want to become one. *I am so hungry... where is this food?!* I look everywhere, no trace of food. *SHIT!*

Suddenly, I hear footsteps. Someone is coming! I go to hide in the empty pantry. I hear the kitchen door open. Someone enters.

"Hey! I know you're hiding in there."

It's a young man's voice. He must be about my age, in his twenties.

"Get out or I'll shoot!"

I go out and I find myself face to face with a Modified. Like all his kind, he has unnatural hair, eyes and skin colors. His hair is dark blue, his eyes are orange and his skin is as pale as chalk. He reminds me of a vampire, although they don't exist. I notice he has a backpack.

"A Pure One." Said the Modified to me. "From the look on your face, you mustn't be happy to see me."

"Of course!" I reply. "It's your fault we're in this shit!"

"This shit? The zombie apocalypse? It's not our fault! More government propaganda, no doubt."

"What propaganda? The government wouldn't do that!"

"Do you **really** believe that? With the Purity Laws and all?"

The Purity Laws are laws put in place to prohibit genetic manipulation from which the Modifieds originate.

"It's to protect the world!" I said to the Modified. "You could have destroyed us all! With the Purity Laws, you can no longer become overpowered!"

Rather than getting angry at me, the stranger becomes mocking.

"Wow... they really brainwashed you, Pure Guy."

"What did you call me?!"

I bellow with rage.

"'Pure Guy'. You're a Pure et you're a guy. "

I was about to swear at him when he asked me to calm down because, according to him, "Pure Guy" is cute.

"I have a name, you know! It's Codiriaz of Laxem!"

Yes, that's my name.

"Codiriaz of Laxem?" questions the stranger. "You Pure Ones have such strange names."

"It's not strange! You're the one with the goofy names!"

"Really?" The Modified asks me before revealing his name. "Does 'Jack Coroson' sound goofy to you?"

I say "yeah" in response. Jack sighs before saying, "Whatever, Pure Guy."

"STOP CALLING ME THAT!" I yell, even angrier.

Jack laughs. Wanting to stop this nonsense, I propose an idea to the Modified while calming myself down.

"Look, I'm going to call you Jack instead of what we 'Pure Guys' usually call your kind, if you call me by my name."

Jack agrees to call me by my name, but he thinks Codiriaz is way too long. He wants to call me Cody instead.

"'Cody'? NO!" I exclaimed. "That's a Modified name!"

"Okay! Riaz then."

I agree that he should call me Riaz. I then ask Jack why he is here. The Modified tells me he is looking for something to trade. I ask him to be more specific. Jack says he has "a friend" who can give him something vital in exchange for something else. I don't understand what he means. *Something vital? I wonder. Like what?* Suddenly, my stomach growls.

"Oh, I'm *so* hungry! Do you have any food with you?"

Jack says "yes," but only for himself. Rations. I beg him to give me one. He doesn't want to. I then offer to help him find his item to trade for a food ration. The Modified accepts. *I have food! YES!* Too bad I finished it all in two minutes. I don't dare ask Jack for more.

Suddenly, the Modified is startled. I ask what's wrong.

"This feeling..." Jack says to me. "A horde of zombies is coming. We have to leave!"

"Wha...?"

"GO!"

Jack drags me out of the house. I was about to yell at him when he asked me to look over there. I look in the direction he is pointing and I see it. The horde. *How did he know it was coming?* I know that Past Modifieds have heightened senses, but still.

"Come on," says Jack, "we have to get out of here!"

We run in the horde's opposite direction and take refuge in a ransacked convenience store.

In the convenience store, the Modified asks me to look for something useful. Since the convenience store has been ransacked, there is nothing interesting left. Except...

"What the...? Ohhhhhhhh!" I exclaimed. "Is this a ♥♥♥ magazine?"

"Riaz, this isn't the time!" Jack replies angrily.

I sigh, put down the sexy magazine and then see some food! But it's rotten. However, I am still very hungry, and food is food. Under Jack's

astonished gaze, I eat everything. *Who cares if it's rotten?!* Except that I feel sick and I'm getting weaker fast.

"Food poisoning." Said Jack darkly. "Really, what were you thinking eating rotten food?"

I tell him it's not funny. I'm dying. Jack tells me that, based on my condition, I'll be dead in about five minutes. I yell an expletive and the Modified asks me a rather crazy request.

"Before you perish, will you allow me to take your heart after you die?"

"What kind of madness is this?" I asked. "My *heart*?"

"Yes," Jack replies, "to trade with my friend."

"What kind of person wants to trade a Medocorillian heart? That's crazy!"

"The kind I have to befriend to stay."

"Jack, what you're saying doesn't make sense!"

"Riaz, 'yes' or 'no'? The clock is ticking."

"Shiiiiit. Well, I'm dead anyway, so take it, Modified scum!"

Jack sighs. He mutters what sounds like an apology and then I am dead.

That's the end of my story, but Jack's continues.

Hey. At least I didn't become a zombie!

CH2 - Jack ~ The Talking Zombie

I came out of the convenience store. I have blood on my hands. The fresh heart of Riaz - or rather, Codiriaz - is in a container in my backpack. His death doesn't affect me. I have seen so many survivors die... In a way, it's as if I live with death. It is so far away and yet so close. One wrong move and it will claim me... if I don't become a zombie first. *It won't happen!* I said to myself. *With His Blood, the infection is stopped!* As long as I get my regular doses...from Him or one of them. I sigh. *If only everything was easier for me... But it's a shame about Riaz and the Pure Ones. They are so indoctrinated by the government that they can't understand, they can't see. The Modifieds' abuse.* But that's all in the past. Now everyone - Pure or Modified - has to survive among the zombies. As for me, a few months ago I was bitten by a zombie. Knowing I was going to turn, I was ready to shoot myself in the head when He stopped me. *Miller of the Entre-Deux, Veralin's son.*

[A few months ago...]

I locked myself in the back of a store that sold fresh meat. The meat that is left now is all rotten and full of bugs. I look at my right arm. The zed bite is big and deep. *Damn, damn, DAMN!* I've survived all this time - even after my whole family died - and I'm going to be a zombie. *No, I'd rather die!* My gun still has bullets in it. I know what to do. *A bullet in the head. No more complicated than that.* I was about to do it and end my life when I heard footsteps. *What the...? Another survivor? Well, it doesn't matter.* All I have to do is pull the trigger... and the locked door is kicked in by a male zombie. He looks at me and growls.

"WHAT. IS. THIS. BULLSHIT!" I yelled in very deep anger. "Really?!"

I was about to shoot him in the head, then kill myself, when another "WTF" moment occurs.

"Hey, you."

The zombie talked to me. It's a zombie and it spoke.

"Yes, you. You shouldn't do that."

I am speechless. The undead continue to speak. I notice that his hair and eyes have a natural color. So he is a Pure.

"It is so easy to leave forever, but once you do there is no going back. As long as you have Will, you must live.' These are Our Good Veralin's words."

How can this be possible? A zombie with an intellect.

"I can feel it, you still have Will."

"No, I don't!"

I managed to speak despite my stupor. I show the zombie my bite and tell him that I will turn soon. I am done for. The undead says that it seems to be the case.

"What do you mean?" I asked him. "Don't tell me you only broke down the door to keep me from shooting myself in the head!"

"Well, yes."

I sigh in frustration.

"WHY?" I shouted at the zombie. "I just told you, I'm turning into a zed!"

"What if I told you there was a way to prevent the mutation into a zombie, would you try it?"

What is this crap? Is he kidding me or what? I explain to the zombie that there is no cure for zombification. The government, before its fall, tried to make one without success. Now, every living being must survive in its own way. There are a few fortified safe havens, but they won't last forever. The undead tell me that he's not talking about a cure - it would be a miracle if it existed! - but a way to stop the zombification process.

"Isn't it the same thing?" I asked.

The smart zombie tells me "no." A cure would turn the zombies into Medocorillian and prevent them from infecting others. I am infected. I'm always going to be, but I can prevent my transformation with his "so-called" way. The undead ask me again if I want to try it.

"I guess so. Do you have a name? My name is Jack Coroson."

He tells me his name is Miller. I find this strange.

"Miller? Is that all?" I ask him.

"This is all I have left of my old life."

"Wait... don't you remember being a Pure? Yet 'Miller' is a Modified name."

"'Pure'... 'Modified'... I've heard those words many times, but I never understood what they meant." Says Miller. "I know that our world is called Medocorillia. We're all Medocorillian."

"I see."

Miller wants to know more. I didn't expect to have to give a history lesson to a talking zombie, but I'm going for it.

CH3 - Jack ~ History lesson

[Still in the past.]

In our world, everything is divided in two. The Believers, those who believe that the world was created by the gods, by Medo, Corillia and their children. The Primordians, those who believe that the world was created by the strange Primordial Energy. Thanks to science's evolution, genes' manipulation has become possible. The Primordians, wanting to evolve, became the Modified. The Believers, wanting to keep the favor of the gods and remain "pure," became the Pure.

The Modified, by becoming stronger, faster and smarter than the Pure Ones, became a threat to them. So the government, composed of Pure Guys, created the Purity Laws, preventing them from evolving further. The Modified are now isolated from society, forced to live in barbed wire neighborhoods, threatened by the Pure and discrimination. Unable to manipulate their genes further, they regressed from generation to generation. Today, they are identical to the Pure in physical and mental abilities. All that remains of the Modified are their names, which are "simpler" than those of the Pure, and their fancy hair and eye colors.

What is strange is that Serra, one of the first Primordians, always preached peace between them and the Believers. She even worshiped the gods! Of course, that doesn't matter now. Everyone has to survive against the zombies.

"Do you understand now?" I asked Miller. "From the color of your hair and eyes, you would be a Pure but your name is a Modified one. I don't understand. How is that possible?"

"I don't know, but I know I can help you. The other survivors who tried the experiment are all dead, killed by zeds, but you... maybe..."

"Experiment"? Your way of stopping the zombification process?"

The smart zombie explains that if I take his blood - or blood of his kind - I am technically a zombie so the infection is stopped. I can't believe it. *His kind? Are there others like him?* I ask Miller.

"Yes. I'm Miller of the Entre-Deux, Veralin's son."

How? How can there be intelligent zombies that no one has ever noticed? I thought. Miller gives me the answer.

"We claim to be regular zeds. We prefer to avoid contact with the Living. We, too, need to survive, and since surviving means eating flesh and organs..."

Yeah, that must cause problems.

"Besides, ordinary zombies tend to confuse us with the Living if we show them our intelligence, so they're also our enemies." The smart zombie continues to say.

"But still, why not just kill me and then eat me?" I asked him.

"Because Veralin, the first of us, always wanted to save lives. I follow his example. So, Modified Jack, will you take my blood?"

I remain silent and then say "yes". *What have I got to lose?* Miller then takes a syringe and fills it with his blood. All I have to do is inject it. When I do it, I feel a great pain, as if acid is pouring into my blood. I scream in pain and Miller tells me to hold on. Once the pain subsides, Miller explains that I need regular doses if I don't want to become a zed. He is always willing to give me some if I see him again. However, his kind will want something in return.

"Of course, I wouldn't say no to food," Miller said, "so if you have a fresh liver or heart, I will gladly take it."

Since I met Miller, I saw him often, and he always gave me a dose of his blood. I once wondered if he followed me when I moved from town to town. But that's probably a coincidence. I also learned from him that if an uninfected survivor is bitten by a Entre-Deux, they become one of them and not a zombie. Since I've already been bitten by a zed, a Entre-Deux bite would have no effect on me. The first viral strain always wins.

CH4 - Jack ~ With Etienne

[Back to the present.]

Now, with Riaz's heart, I can make a trade for blood. All I have to do is find an Entre-Deux. I have to hurry. I haven't had a dose in a while and I feel like my time is running out. I'm wondering where to go to find an Entre-Deux. There is a movie theater and a factory not far from here. Finally, I go to the old factory, passing a few zeds on the way. I am very careful to avoid them.

"Anybody there?" I say as soon as I get inside.

I don't get an answer. The factory seems deserted.

"I'm Jack, a friend of Miller's!" I say, hoping to see an Entre-Deux arrive.

"Miller, huh?" A male's voice answers me.

An Entre-Deux is coming. *Great!* He's got a shotgun and he's pointing it at me. *Uh-oh!*

"I don't trust this sicko or his friends!" Says the angry Entre-Deux.

I tell the gun-toting zombie that I didn't come to cause trouble. The Entre-Deux replies to me sarcastically.

"Miller **is** a problem. Him, and his idea of wanting to save the Living."

"It's not a bad thing to help people." I say to the smart zombie.

"Yeah, except those damn Living Ones want to kill us all!"

I reply that I don't want to kill him. I just need a little bit of Entre-Deux blood. The zombie holds back a laugh and his tone becomes even more mocking.

"Ohhhhhh wow, another one of his guinea pigs for his stupid experiment! Do you **really** think you can hold the infection forever?"

"What do you want me to do," I asked the Entre-Deux, "stop using blood and become a zombie?"

"No, but the alternative..."

I ask him what he is talking about. *What alternative? Miller never mentioned an alternative.* The intelligent zombie sighs. He puts his shotgun down and introduces himself. His name is Etienne. He was a Modified, like me. Not all Entre-Deux have forgotten their past, like Miller

Etienne explains to me that "the alternative" is a theory of Miller's. He had talked to him about it. Miller believes that if a survivor is constantly receiving blood from the Entre-Deux, a mutation will slowly take place and the survivor will become something else. Not a mindless zombie, but an Entre-Deux. But just as different, like a Super Entre-Deux.

It's not possible..., I tell myself. *A Super Entre-Deux?*

"He thinks it's the natural evolution of the Medocorillian race, that it's the only way to survive." Etienne continues to explain. "He thinks that's what Our Good Veralin wants. He's a nutcase, I tell you!"

"He... never... told... me... that." I said, still stunned by these revelations.

"Of course!" Etienne replied. "Otherwise you would never have accepted His Blood!"

Now I am in a dead end. I've always taken Entre-Deux's blood to survive, but if that same blood turns me into a zombie, even an intelligent one, what's the point of continuing to live? I want to remain a Medocorillian. I want to stay *ALIVE*.

"Listen." Etienne says to me. "I won't stop you. If you need blood, I'll give it to you. I smell something good... Don't you have a heart in your backpack?"

"Huh? Yeah, I have a heart."

"Give it to me and you'll have enough doses for a long time!"

I give him Riaz's heart and Etienne quickly devours it, then fills several tubes with his blood. These tubes can be exchanged in a standard syringe. I always have one with me.

"There you go!" Says the zombie, all happy. "Now you must inject yourself quickly. I have a feeling you'll be turning soon."

Yes, I feel it too. I don't have much time left. Yet I want to stay *ALIVE*, but I can't. *What should I do? What should I become?* I say to myself. *I want to stay *ALIVE*, but...*

What will his choice be? You'll see all the possibilities in the next chapter!

CH5 - Jack ~ Choices

* If Jack wants to remain ALIVE *

"I will stay *ALIVE* until the end." I say darkly.

Etienne asks me what I mean by that. I put my gun to my head. The Entre-Deux screams not to do that.

"Goodbye, Etienne." Are my last words. "Say hello to Miller for me."

I shoot myself in the head, ending my life. Etienne screams an expletive. He thinks Miller will kill him for letting me die. The Entre-Deux was right. Indeed, when Miller finds out I'm dead, he kills Etienne without mercy. Now he wanders, looking for another survivor to take His Blood. Miller's Blood.

ALTERNATE END 1

* If Jack wants to stop taking Entre-Deux's blood*

I break the blood tubes. This makes Etienne angry.

"If you want to become a zed, that's your choice, but you didn't have to waste my blood like that!"

"Sorry." I say to the Entre-Deux. "I have to go before I turn."

"Are you sure? I can shoot you as soon as you turn so you don't attack other survivors."

"Since when do you care about the Living?" I asked Etienne with a smile.

"Uh, no, I don't... I want to do it for you. You seem like a nice guy. If the zombie apocalypse hadn't happened, we could have been buddies."

Being buddies? I guess so. Suddenly, I start spitting blood. My body feels like it's on fire. *This is it. It's... starting.* My vision becomes blurry.

"Mil...ler... I..." I manage to say before fainting.

I barely have time to get up as a zombie when Etienne, true to his

word, shoots me in the head.

"Now Jack's life is over." He thought aloud to himself. "I hope Miller doesn't kill me for this."

ALTERNATE END 2

* If Jack wants to continue to take Entre-Deux's blood *

I inject myself with Entre-Deux's blood, as I always do. Etienne wishes me good luck to survive. I thank him, leave him, and continue to survive, moving from town to town and injecting myself when necessary. I also saw Miller again, but I didn't express my anger at him for hiding his "blood theory" from me.

[X months later...]

I approach the blonde woman with blue eyes. A Pure. She is terrified.

"A talking zombie... how is that possible?!" She exclaims.

"I'm an Entre-Deux or rather a Super Entre-Deux."

I suddenly notice something on her arm.

"Is that a zombie bite I see there?"

"Yes." The woman says to me. "After my husband, Collin Seawater was killed, I was bitten."

"Well, I can save you." I said in a neutral tone. "If you take my blood, the infection will be stopped and you won't turn."

The blonde woman asks me if I'm joking.

"No, not at all, *but* if you stop taking regular doses, you'll become a zombie *and* if you keep taking them, like I did for a long time, you'll become like me, a Super Entre-Deux. I prefer to tell you everything in advance so that you won't regret your choice. Now, if you want to remain *ALIVE*, you can kill yourself. I won't stop you."

The woman with blue eyes is startled. As for me, I can't stay very long, so I ask her. The famous question.

"So, Pure Girl, what will it be?"

"I... I don't k... I have a name, you know. It's Elrikari of Elsanim."

"You didn't answer my question."

Elrikari hesitates and then gives me her answer.

*** TRUE END ***

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